THE

TOILET, &c.

No. IV.

SATURDAY, February 7, 1801.

Remarks on the "CENSOR," in No. 3.

"She is taught to look on ideal misery with a tear; to weep at a ſuppoſed misfortune with a deſire to alleviate, while the haggard mendicant drops his wallet at her feet imploring a penny, unnoticed and neglected." CENSOR.

IT is truly a ſubject of regret, that falſe principles of refinement ſhould introduce improprieties into the method of educating the fair youth; yet I am of opinion that thoſe leſſons which teach the young pupil to weep at ſuppoſed misfortunes, will not fail to produce a more ſenſible effect upon the feelings, when the object of real miſery preſents itſelf to the view; and if tears of pity do not gliſten in the eyes of the young beholder, the only cauſe is, the opportunity of affording conſolation, or of giving relief to the "child of ſorrow."

When we ſee a portrait, executed by a ſkilful painter, obſerve the features, and complexion, with attention, do we on ſight of the original change the opinion we had formed of the perſon's beauty, or, do we not recognize in him the charms delineated by the pencil?

Thoſe colors of ſoft compaſſion, ſympathy and benevolence which are tinted on the mind by the pencil of fancy or imagination, will never loſe their impreſſion, but grow like habit, mingle with the native diſpoſition, and ripen into principle and action.

HUMAN IMPERFECTION.

Go, if thou canſt, and find Bethpeor's grave,
Where Moſes reſts, the meekeſt man of God ;
Or viſit ancient Hebron's rock-form'd cave,
By Sarah's ſilent footſteps earlier trod ;
Next ſearch the globe, and 'mid this grand review
Of death's broad phalanx riſing into light ;
Dare to pronounce *This* form, no failings knew,
And that, was perfect in JEHOVAH's ſight.
Bold, weak attempt ! 'tis not in Adam's race,
'Twas not in him ſecure from ill to ſtand ;
Eve's faireſt daughter needs the robe of grace,
And Adam's gold the GREAT REFINER's hand.

The following lines, from Mr. DUTTON's poem on "THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE," reflect a happy ſemblance of many of our *tea table orators*, in their PRESENT STATE OF ORATORY.

A BUSY throng, in faſhion's livery dight,
Riſe, at a diſtance, on the Muſe's ſight ;
Loquacious, pert, oppreſſively polite,
And elegantly dull, from morn to night ;
Who ſkip about the fair, like dapper elves,
Loſt in attention—to their own dear ſelves.
Yet ſuch are ſkill'd the drama's rules to ſcan,
And ſeize the faults, in manner, or in plan ; [miſs'd it,
Can point the ſcene, where luſcious *KOTZEBUE*
And ſwear tis true ;—for they were by, and hiſs'd it ;
Can curſe the players, that grace and action lack'd,
Start up, and ſhow, how *COOPER*—did'nt act.

MR. EDITOR,

I LIKE your plan of collecting the money for the Toilet, on the delivery of each number ; and beg leave to recommend to every patroneſs, to have her four penny bit always ready for the carrier, that time and trouble may be ſaved on both ſides. *A Cuſtomer.*

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No, Mr. Editor, if "ideal" repreſentations awaken in the ſoul the tender ſenſations of compaſſion, and call from the eye the pitying chryſtal drop, they are the very leſſons which are peculiarly calculated to create in the heart thoſe pure ſentiments and feelings, which, when the picture of human diſtreſs is made real to the ſight will melt the ſoul into all the tenderneſs of ſympathy and benevolence.

To weep for thoſe misfortunes, and that unhappineſs which ſhe is unable to alleviate, is a proof of a feeling heart; and ſhe who weeps at the picture of wretchedneſs only, has always a diſpoſition to contribute her mite to the "haggard mendicant;" and is overjoyed with the opportunity of exerciſing thoſe ſentiments of generous benevolence, which are the offspring of the natural excellence of her mind, in affording a partial or temporary relief to the miſeries of penury and indigence, and ſending the ſolicitor with the fruits of her charity on his way rejoicing.

However, the obſervations made in the "*Cenſor*" are a proof of the writer's wiſh to promote the happineſs of the youthful fair, and the ſtyle a happy ſpecimen of his talent.

GARRULUS.

ADDRESS TO FEMALE HUMANITY.

YE, on whom fortune has beſtowed her favors, who walk in the paths of affluence, and ſit in rich palaces, to whom nature has given hearts of ſympathy and ſenſibility, liſten to the voice of one who is deeply intereſted in the dignity, and happineſs of your ſex; and whoſe boſom is continually tortured with beholding the female character degraded and debaſed below that of brutes.

Have you ever entered the doors of the poor in cities ? Have you there ſeen female children naked, without ſhame, beſmeared with filth, copying the language of ſailors, learning modeſty, and morality from the mob ? (pardon the queſtion.) Have you ever ſeen the apartments of thoſe ruined females, who reſide in cities ? Have you there ſeen virtue, chaſtity, and decency trampled under foot ? Deluded wretches ! without modeſty, without feeling, diveſted of every thing, which renders you amiable and lovely. By what means were ye reduced to ſuch wretchedneſs, and how ſhall we prevent the ſex from ſuch miſery in future ?

Convinced that it is more from neceſſity than inclination that ſo many of the ſex forſake the path of virtue ; that early impreſſions of modeſty and delicacy are neceſſary to form the female character : the ladies of Boſton, and its vicinity have formed themſelves into a ſociety for the purpoſe of raiſing a fund to educate female children, who are poor and friendleſs. Each lady to entitle herſelf to become a member of the ſociety, muſt pay an annual tax of three dollars ; but ſubſcriptions of the ſmalleſt ſums are gratefully received.

Generous and amiable ſex ! Ye, who have but a penny to ſpare, give it, and reward yourſelf with the thought, that you have preſerved a ſiſter from ruin. More meritorious is your inſtitution than that of the humane ſociety. How much more pleaſing to parents and friends is a reputable death, than a diſgraceful life ? Had I a daughter, how much leſs bitter would be thoſe tears, which I ſhould drop upon her grave, than thoſe I ſhould ſhed at beholding her without virtue, without reputation ? May heaven aid your noble deſign. Although you cannot reclaim loſt virtue, you will ſave thouſands of your ſex from deſpair and ruin.

BELSORA.

The CENSOR.

ON AMERICAN PATRONAGE.

To ſee modeſt merit immured by the tatters of wretchedneſs; to behold ingenuity buſied in the grievous taſk of teaching herſelf how to ſtarve, is to ſee jewels neglected by thoſe, who are ignorant of their value, but whoſe perſons they were deſigned to adorn. And as long as ſtupid pride attracts the homage of ſociety, and impudence and ignorance are ſeated at the head of the feaſt, a correction for theſe evils will never be ſucceſsfully applied. The reign of prejudice and error is coeval with ignorance and indolence, which are the natural enemies of human felicity. To give the nobler faculties of the mind their dignified ſtation, and eſtimate man by their uſe, or neglect, ſociety muſt have thrown off the ſhackles of indifference to true ſcience, and learnt to deſpiſe the exceſs of ſordid acquiſitions, which are the glory only of barbariſm.

The Americans ſuppoſe they lay one of their countrymen under the greateſt obligations to them, if they condeſcend to read his productions, or purchaſe his wares; whereas, they are much obliged to an European, if he will be ſo kind as to call them fools, or inſtruct their children in the rudiments of Bilingſgate ribaldry.

The hand, that would record a falſehood againſt his country, deſerves a chain; and the heart, that can harbor a wiſh to impede her proſperity and honor, merits a poignard. But to declare her errors, and depict her follies in the true ſhades of truth and fidelity, though the voice iſſue from obſcurity, and the pencil be drawn by the fingers of poverty, is the ſureſt

method to convey conviction to the thinking, and a ſtigma to the thoughtleſs. I am not a diſappointed author, or a neglected genius, I lay no claim to the bays of merit, nor am I an enemy to the literature of any nation; but I would rather wiſh that my countrymen might profit by the taſte and improvements of the whole world: and I ſhould rejoice to ſee my cotemporaries progreſſing in every laudable art, amid the ſmiles and approbation of thoſe, whoſe ſmiles would encourage, and whoſe approbation would ſanction and ſupport. If their infant endeavors come ſhort of thoſe productions, which have every reſource to enrich, and whoſe authors have ſpent an uninterrupted life in the profeſſion of letters, let the deciſion of indulgence ſtimulate to progreſſive improvement, and not the haughty ridicule of a coxcomb frown to a life of future inaction and chagrin.

American genius is an exile, a fugitive; diſowned by the parent who ought to praiſe, and foſtered only by its own long-ſuffering. The ſoil, which produces the common articles of food, is thought too dirty to rear a morſel fit for the ſqueamiſh ſtomach of American taſte. Like the forced ſalads of a hot bed, a hurried oration, a political ſermon, or a party newſpaper may ſatisfy our greedy literati, until the arrival of the *Minerva*, which comes laden with plays, magazines, volumes in favor and againſt the miniſtry, and above all the Reviews, all fully ripened by the potent pungency of eaſtern ſuns! At this ſeaſon, to urge the claims of home made wit, unnoticed by a reviewer, would be a direct teſtimony againſt itſelf. Deference for his ſuperiors in deciſion may compel the menial copyiſt to

feed his cuſtomers with the ſayings of Europeans ; but like the veſtals of Rome, to be changed is to be diſhonored ; to be ſmutted with American ink, is to be ſtigmatized, and to be literally reprinted in an American preſs, is proſtitution. If Europe has rivaled the world in learning, in arts and politeneſs, it has not been effected by deſpiſing herſelf, or by diſinheriting her own children to embrace renegadoes, foreign convicts and impoſtors. She has been uniform in inculcating a belief of her own importance, and even ſuperiority in local, commercial and mental privileges. Her genius has never wanted a patron, nor her improvements a reward. Her own opinion of herſelf has done much in fixing her reputation in the eſtimation of all other nations. Having aſſumed the palm, with a determination to retain it, ſhe has ſought, and cultivated within her own reſources the very means of its ſupport. And I think we may predict, that until the ſame or ſimilar methods are uſed to bring into notice her own offspring, America will continue to be the dupe of foreign deception, and dependant for opinion on the whims and conceits of tranſatlantic teachers.

EDWIN ON LAURA's EXCELLENCES.

He dwelleth ſomewhat on the *doubtful.*

BALMY nectar'd ſweets bedew her,
Peace enrobe her generous mind ;
O ! ye guardian powers ſecure her
From life's ills of every kind.

Her heart is harmleſs, every feature
Tells me innocence is there ;
'Tis as calm and ſoft as nature,
Or as evening breezes are.

Perhaps ſome worthier youth is viewing,
And will ſoon poſſeſs the maid !
Then ſhall I find I was purſuing,
Nothing but a fleeting ſhade.

Sorrow, paſſion has created,
Every comfort ſoon deſtroys ;
But by reaſon regulated,
Sorrow always has its joys.

Thus if croſs'd in expectation,
Who that tranquil joy can tell,
Which there flows from this reflection,
That we've always acted well ?

If by fate I'm doom'd to leave her,
And no more behold her charms,
May no ſubtle baſe deceiver
Find repoſe in LAURA's arms.

Charleſtown, Feb. 1801. EDWIN.

MELANCHOLY.

RETIR'D within my ſolitary room,
Thoughts diſmal ſwell the tide of ſable gloom :
Reflections painful, ſad, foreboding fears,
With ſcenes of ſorrow crowd life's fleeting years.

I take my pen, a ſhort relief to gain,
Divert my ſorrow, and aſſuage my pain.
The labor may awaken pleaſure's ſmile,
A cheerful tone inſpire, or care beguile ;
A penſive line more cheers a ſoul like mine,
Than all the nectar of Madeira's vine.
While others ſwim the tide of rapturous joy,
Nor fears of wo their brilliant hopes annoy,
While ev'ry ſail they ſpread to catch the breeze,
And each gay phantom in the moment ſeize,

Preſs the fair angel to the raptur'd breaſt,
Taſte the delights of ſenſe, ſupremely bleſt ;
While ardent paſſions blow a proſperous gale,
Nor dangerous ſtorms, nor threatening foes aſſail ;
The voice of loves endearing huſh their fears,
And heaven indulgent hears their daily prayers ;
I form'd of clay, for ſadder uſe deſign'd,
A feeble body, and a penſive mind,
My atoms choſen from a mournful mound,
To grief a brother, and by hope diſown'd !
With empty ſchemes, and ſweet deluſions fed,
Through all the realms of airy wiſhes led,
In error's mazes loſt, I roam forlorn,
No friend to ſave me from the ruſhing ſtorm ;
I ope my breaſt where keeneſt ſorrow preys,
Bid thunders welcome, and the lightnings blaze,
'Till horror chills my blood, my ſpirit dies,
My ſighs increaſe, and prayers ſpontaneous riſe !
Where is the ſacred place, and what the taſk,
To win the POWER, that hears the ſinner aſk ?

STANDISH.

To PATRONS and CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor would do injuſtice to his friends, and his own feelings, to withhold the tribute of gratitude due to the unparalleled encouragement he has received in his infant attempt.

He is particularly obliged to " X " for his excellent communications. He is requeſted to forward his letters earlier in the week ; and give a title to his numbers, for the convenience of forming an index.

Miſs " TOWNSEND's" firſt number beſpeaks the value of her correſpondence. It ſhall appear next week.

BELSORA's Addreſs is a neat ſpecimen of true delicacy of ſentiment, and an evidence of that nobleneſs of mind, which honors the cauſe ſhe has eſpouſed. A continuance of her favors is requeſted

The " YOUNG DREAMER" had better take another nap, with *hops* under his pillow.